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OCTOBER 1904



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..The Song of Laziness..

The king lay on his dying-bed,
And thought of his kingdom fair;
He had three sons whom he loved
alike,
Which one should be his heir?

He called them to his bed, that night,
And looking them up and down,
Said: "Which of you three is the
laziest,
His shall be realm and crown!"



Then spoke the eldest: "Father dear,
Give me the crown I pray.
I love to slumber and to doze
In the peace of the warm noon-day,

But even when, by chance, there falls
A raindrop in my eye,
I never think of closing it
But let it open lie."



Then spoke the second: "Father dear,
My brother's second rate,
For e'en at early morning, sire,
I'm nodding at the grate.

And if the crackling flames do catch
My bathrobe's bear-skin face,
I let it burn and never dream
Of stirring from the place."



The youngest yawned a lazy yawn,
Looked sleepily about,
And said: "I too could tell you tales
To make your eyes stick out,

But Aaah! I'd rather leave the task
To some ambitious chap,
My claim to laziness to tell
Were trouble sore, let's take a nap!"
—Adapted from the German. P. M. P.

Too Foxy for the Devil.

A Tale of three Worlds.

BY B. W.

"Superior water from the lake
Is difficult to burn;
'Tis not yet bought by any
But possible to earn
A nickel or a dime,
Until we can't despise
The mole who dives into the lake
And comes up with the prize."

—Hesse.

I saw Smith the other day and yelled across the street to him. He stopped and I went over. We walked on down Fourth Street.

"Well, how's business?" he asked.

"Oh, fair to middlin', as it were, fair to middlin'. How you coming?"

"No good. I don't feel right, don't have any appetite, don't sleep well. I dream all the time. Ever have queer dreams?"

"Once in a while," I answered. "What's the trouble?"

"I d'know. Had a funny dream last night. A very funny dream. Thought I died and went to Heaven. Wasn't that a corker? I was great. Everybody was having a hex of a good time. I got there about supper time and sat right down. Talk about milk and honey! Why they have ice cream three times a day, and more than that on Sunday! Beats the Starvation all hollow. After supper we went out into another room, and would you believe it, the first fellow I saw was old Swaggers. He said, "Hello, Smittie, old boy. Glad

to see you. Sit down and have a game of California Jack!"

I'll allow I wasn't exactly looking for him there, so I said: "How the dickens did you get here?"

"I fooled the old boy. It was pretty slick. Cut? I am the first man ever got to Heaven by telling a lie. But I did it. Clubs is trumps. This is the only deck in Heaven; I brought it up from the other place when I came"

"You did, did you? How did you get out, then? Oh I know. You locked the door when you went in and left the key on the outside so that the next man along could let you out."

"No, I'll tell you how I skinned him. Tell the truth I didn't like the looks of things when I first got there. Particularly the Old Boy. He wasn't polite. He's a foxy old fellow, but I fixed him! He grinned when he laid eyes on me and velled:

"Hey you there, where'd you come from?"

"Pennsylvania."

"You'll have plenty of company here. All Pennsylvania people come this way. We get thousands every year. They all like it well enough to stay, too. He, he, he. What did you die of?"

"A sixty days' tramp through the Buggies."

"Died of walking, did you? You'll get a good rest here. He, he!"

"No, indeed; I died trying to read a book of that name by the famous poet, Hesse. I managed to read it through from beginning to end. But it was too much—"

"You read it——?"

"Yes."

"You couldn't poss——"

"Yes."

"Indeed I don't believe it."

"I can prove it. Listen 'Superior water from the lake is difficult to burn. 'Tis not——'"

"Stop. Stop, I tell you. Get out of here. I can't do anything to you half as bad as that. After reading that, anything you get here in the way of torture would seem tame. Get out I tell you! I won't have you here repeating that stuff. I——."

"Here he got so red in the face I turned and ran and never stopped till I reached the gate of Heaven. St. Peter was chewing on a

ham-sanwiched when I came up, (you know he can't leave the gate so they send his dinner over in a tin bucket with a silver top and gold handle) but he put it down and said, "What do you want?"

"I want to come in. The Devil won't let me stay down there, and I can't go back to Earth now."

"Well, since it's you, come on in. I wouldn't do it for anyone else." So I came on up to dinner.

"High, jack. You get low. I get ten—— twenty—— thirty—— thirty three—— six—— eight——, nine and ace four, forty-three, game, three to one in my favor. I see you still play the same dumb game you always did, Smittie. I'll bet fifty cents I can beat you or—— two out of three any day at——."

And then I woke up and didn't sleep another wink all night."



"Toby, or not toby; that is the Key-Westian."
Whether 'tis better in one's face to bear
The acrid fumes loved in smoke-haunted Pittsburg,
Or to find charms in a bum five-center—
Both bad—me for a pipe of Durham."

Democratic Mechanical: Too bad the miners can't join political clubs.

Republican Electrical: Why not?

Democratic Mechanical: They are miners and can't vote.



Professor in Psychology: Now put your hand in your coat pockets, and tell me in which one you feel the sensation.

Student, (pulling out bag of Sensation Cut Plug): This one.



Fisher's Luck.

The angler sat by the woodland stream,
His luck had been the best,
The air was cool, the wind was fair,
The calm of nature was everywhere,
But his soul was not at rest,

Now Dick's vacation had been spent,
In wooing a maiden fair;
His life and soul were at the feet,
Of the one who alone to him was sweet,
The girl with the chestnut hair.

Last evening he had asked her
If she would be his own.
Well, she didn't know; he was not the first,
Nor yet the best, and not the worst,
Who had offered to share a home.

To-morrow she'd promised with uncle and
Pa
The new motor car to try.
Dick might call next night at eight o'clock,
Early or late, it mattered not,
And then he could have his reply.

So the lad left town at sunrise
To wear out the weary day.
He had whipped the brook, till the sun grew
hot,
Had his lunch and a smoke in a shady spot,
With the evening far away.

He lay in the shade when his pipe went out,
And drowsed by the rippling flood;
He dreamed that Maud with the chestnut
hair,
Came floating toward him through the air,
But her cheek was marked with blood!

Some one spoke, poor Dick sat up
And beheld an awful sight;
For the girl stood there in the woodland
glade.
Her collar gone and her sleeve was frayed;
And her voice was choked with fright.

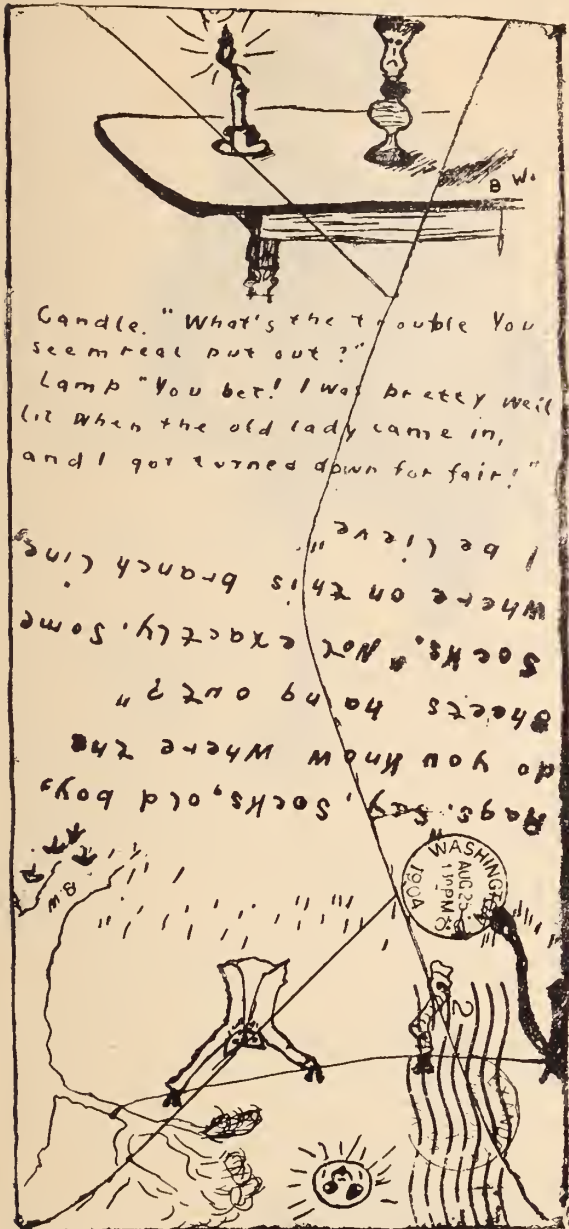
The wreck had occurred on the river road.
The party had been spilled.
They had dined at the Inn,—'twas awful
queer—
Pa was so dizzy he couldn't steer,
And poor Uncle George was killed.

'Cross lots she ran to bring them a'd;
There was no one else to ask.
So "Dick, dear," hastened to the wreck,
And found Pa nursing his twisted neck
With the aid of a pocket-flask.

A messenger fleet was sent to town.
"An ambulance—no delay!"
The pair came back from the gates of death,
Dick gave them cloves to sweeten their breath,
And made his grand-stand play.

That night he called, no time was lost.
The blushing maid said "Yes."
Poor Pa was tucked in a big arm-chair,
But he had to see the loving pair;
He'd hear of nothing less.

Now one last word to ye anxious men,
When fortune's wheel doth spin,
Spend the interim by the woodland brook;
With rod and line, and the old fly-book;
And the chances are, you'll win.—R.



RECEIVED IN PRIZE COMPETITION.

"Twas by the billowy wave they sat,
On the sands of the desert isle;
No curious eye beheld their joy,
Not a soul in many a mile.



Little Willie came to Math.
Tuesday morning very late,
Found the teacher filled with wrath.
Ain't he cute? He's Nineteen-Eight!

In silent bliss they seem entranced;
He stirred and then, "You lamb!
You're just the dearest thing on earth,"
Said the oyster to the clam.



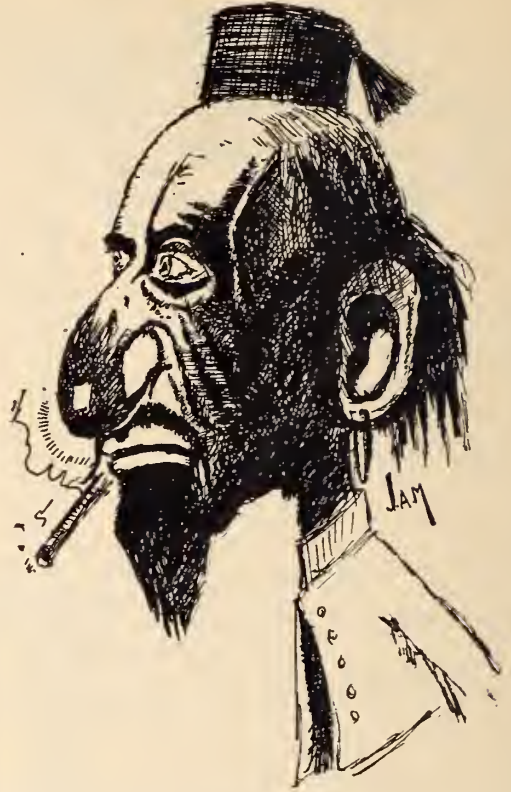


Such an Inprodement.

NICK ERBOCKER—Did y'ever hear about the Pittsburg man that went to Hell?

BILLY PITT—Aw, can't you cut that out? You talk more and say less—

NICK—Well, he lived there for 250,000 years and thought he was in Heaven all the time!



Though in Turkey the people are queer,
And the customs quite different I hear.

There's a home touch, all right,
If you get in a plight—
There are *Uncles* in Turkey, my dear!

To My Lady Gayety.

There are shadows in your hair,
Lady Gayety.

All my thoughts are tangled there
Lady Gayety.

And an anchorite would prize
All the tender light that lies,
In your dusky hazel eyes,
My Lady Gayety.

There's a spirit in your smile
Lady Gayety.

With a most alluring wile
Lady Gayety.

And the roses on your cheek
Play a game of hide and seek
With my heart when I would speak,
My Lady Gayety.

Are you mocking at my woe,
Lady Gayety?

Heartless girl to treat me so,
Lady Gayety.

Bid your laughter go away
Tell me truly nay or yea—
Ah, but let it not be "nay,"
My Lady Gayety.



A HOISTING TACKLE.



On yonder hill the wild rose sings :
How soft and sweet its whisperings !

* * *

Fly up, my soul ! for Love is dead ;
Useless my Life and finished
Death's dream. The violet still doth call
Gay murm'rings o'er my grewsome pall.
Elusive joy ! If Love were all !

Thursday, Oct. 13, 1904.

S. BETH. I hear a part of the Steel Works is
shut down to-day.

BETH.—How's that?

S. BETH.—Whv, this is Founders' Day.



NEVER MIND!

"WELL, Dr. Newton gathered us all to-
gether in the gymnasium and said—"

"Sh--h! I've joined the Y. M. C. A!"



Gg.

CONFIDENCE.

I hear it is said now and then
By various Lafayette men,
That they'll beat us this fall
In that game of foot ball!
But I'd like to place 5, or 10.



SAMMY AND SARAH.

"SAY, Sammv, whv do they call Fido a
watch dog?"

"SARAH, you are the foolishhest child! Ain't
he tied to a chain?"

Brown and White.

In the love for Alma Mater
Yale will ever worship Blue,
Princeton honor Black and Orange;
Harvard's sons be Crimson true.
We are loyal, too, and eager,
Each a true and valiant knight
Proud to strive beneath our banners,
Lehigh and the Brown and White.

CHORUS:

Let a ringing cheer be given;
Stir the echoes with its might;
Let the corners of the whole Earth
Ring with cheers for Brown and White.

Fill with sparkling wine your glasses;
Drink to knowledge and to light;
Drink to love and joy and pleasure,
All, beneath the Brown and White.
Pressing forward in the struggle
Up the mountain-side of Fame,
All the laurel wreaths we gather
Are for Lehigh's noble name.

CHORUS:

Engineers, musicians, athletes,
Shoulders touching in the fight,
Raise the standard high and cheering,
Wave the dear old Brown and White.



Come all Ye Loyal Lehigh Men.

TUNE: "UP THE STREET."

Come all ye loyal Lehigh men,
And we'll whoop it up with all our might;
We'll sing it over and over again,
Three cheers for the Brown and White.

Hurrah! for Brown and White,
Three cheers for Brown and White
Long may our colors wave on high.
Those colors so dear to us, the colors of
Old Lehigh.

Then, Hurrah! for Brown and White.
Three cheers for Brown and White
Long may our colors wave on high,
Those colors so dear to us, the colors of
Old Lehigh.



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